

1608/335.

M E M O I R S

OF

SIR SIMEON SUPPLE

[Price EIGHTEEN-PENCE.]

M E M O I R S



[The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been named in the above mentioned memoirs.]

M E M O I R S

O F

SIR SIMEON SUPPLE,

MEMBER FOR ROTBOROUGH.

Ex hoc numero deinde veniunt ad *Gubernacula Reipub.* inter-
sunt & præsunt Consilii Regum. O Pater, O Patria!

LIPSIUS,



L O N D O N:

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M E M O I R S



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L O N D O N

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CONTENTS.

LETTER I.

*Sir Simeon's Account of his Disorder—Its Effects—
A Panegyric on Newspapers, and Sketch for his
Monument—His Determination to offer himself a
Candidate for Rotborough.*

LETTER II.

*Description of Rotborough and its Inhabitants—A
Visit to a Family Coffin—A strange Phenomenon—
Portrait of an Alderman.*

LETTER

C O N T E N T S.

L E T T E R I I I.

*A Corporation Feast—The Art of Canvassing—A
Nomination of Candidates, and Specimen of Elo-
quence—A Hint to Orators.*

L E T T E R I V.

A Parody—

—An Election-Ode—

L E T T E R V.

*Sir Simeon Supple's Address to the Electors of Rot-
borough—Its good Effects—He is elected, and
chaired—His Gratitude to his Constituents exem-
plified—He declares his Intention to visit the
Minister.*

L E T T E R

C O N T E N T S.

L E T T E R VI.

*Sir Simeon's Reception at Court—His Description of
a Levee—Remonstrance of a condemned Oak,
a Specimen of Modern Elegy.—Conclusion.*

I N T R O-

CONTENTS



THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
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INTRO-

INTRODUCTION.

IT is necessary to inform the Reader, that no local or personal satire is veiled in the following lines; but as a Grecian Painter once drew the most striking features of the beautiful women of his time, and afterwards put them together to form one perfect beauty,

INTRODUCTION.

beauty, so the Author of this *Bagatelle* has collected the most prominent lineaments of some modern Politicians to make one complete Courtier.

As these Letters conduct their hero no further than the doors of the Senate, it is intended, should they be approved by the Public, to add a SECOND PART, describing his subsequent conduct, and different gradations to honour and influence.

It

INTRODUCTION.

It is hardly needful to add, that the Author has adopted the familiar style of the *Bath Guide*.

MEMOIRS,

INTRODUCTION

It is hardly to add that
the Author has the familiar
style of the Bath Guide.



MEMOIRS

MEMOIRS, &c.

LETTER I.

*Sir Simeon's Account of his Disorder—Its Effects—
A Panegyric on Newspapers, and Sketch for his
Monument—His Determination to offer himself a
Candidate for Rotborough.*

THIS letter assures my dear friend of my love,
And the health of all others at *Simeon Grove*;
And now I have wonderful news to relate
Of a *whim*, that has lately crept into my pate.
So without any prelude, (or more than is fit)
You must know, my dear friend, I have lately been bit

B

By

By a mad AMOR PATRIÆ, a venomous creature,
 More fierce than the terriblest bull-dog in nature !
 A cure to effect I have practic'd all notions,
 Took tinctures, emetics, and purgative potions.
 No power had med'cine to set me to right,
 So dire the effects of this *horrible bite* !
 My blood was soon heated, my senses subdued ;
 A *political strong hydrophobia* ensued !
 A disease that can only this climate prevail in,
 Unknown to *Hippocrates, Boerhaave, or Galen* !
 Its symptoms are complex, but, sooner or later,
 You find an aversion to *Wisdom and Water*.
 For myself since I found this distemper incline,
 I've banished all water, and drank only WINE.
 And so fearful am I of that element grown,
 That I never dare trust myself near it alone !

A sailor



A sailor no more ! I my talents mistook
 For once, you well know, like old *Anson* or *Cooke*,
 I daily essay'd in a *circle* to float,
 And heedless of danger I sail'd round—THE MOAT !
 But do not imagine I'm grown such an elf
 As to fear I should drown, *for the sake of myself*.
 The horrid idea will ne'er bear a comment—
 My COUNTRY ! dear cousin, my COUNTRY this
 moment
 Is stabb'd by the swords of contention and strife,
 And for *her* sake alone, I am eager for life.
 My COUNTRY ! the name how delightful to hear—
 How sweet the vibration still tickles the ear !—

Your brain you will puzzle, dear Cousin, no doubt,
 And lift, twist, and turn this dark riddle about ;

That I, who of sluggards was late a Coloffus,
 Who never once figh'd at our national crosses;
 Who ne'er in our quarrels have dar'd to embark,
 Or fally beyond the green pales of my park;
 Should now the smooth road of true argument hit on,
 And rush forth to battle, like any *North Briton*!
 But sure you remember some author of Spain
 (Old Cervantes I think) of exuberant brain
 Has told us his hero, at seventy-two,
 Found out what his stars had decreed him to do.
 Tho' feeble, and old, so bewitching that trade is—
 Sat out on a journey to *succour* young ladies.
 And was *rous'd* to commit his immaculate fancies,
 By seeing atchievements perform'd in romances.
 So I, though I suffer'd my youth to stand still,
 Like water that stagnates, and poisons the mill

Or

Or (to lug in a *simile* fam'd by the heels)
 Like political mud that clogs government-wheels,
 Though aged, have learnt to cut *patriot-capers*,
 By reading debates in the evening Papers!—
 O! let me here offer a tribute, that's due
 To those *elegant things*! in a stanza, or two
 Ye far-spreading Chronicles, surely design'd
 At once to inform, and enlighten mankind!
 Full well shall your trusty, and eloquent pages
 Hand down our perfections to subsequent ages.
 Your paragraphs pure!—our son's sons will un-
 twist 'em,

To find out our grand Ministerial System!
 With exquisite pleasure they'll learn, without doubt,
 How the *outs* were turn'd *in*, and the *ins* were
 turn'd *out*—

How

How Sir *Timothy Tickle Ear* 'rose from his breech,
 And was, nearly, two hours and an half in his speech !
 How Sir *Contract O' Butter*, in hearty devotion,
 Jumpt up, in *extatics* ! to second the motion.
 How Alderman *Swallow* objections maintain'd,
 And how *Swallow* threat'ned—O' *Butter* explain'd !—
 How the eloquent tongue run so smooth and so
 glib on,

Of the *right* noble Lord in the blue colour'd Ribbon.
 How O' *Butter*, at once, it's *warm influence* felt;
 How he *warp'd* !—and, 'twas said, was beginning
 to MELT !

How *Counsellor Keen*, then, without more ado,
 With a speech, like a knife, nearly cut him in two.
 And then with no Party, at all, how he sided,
 And gave for a reason—he *had* been DIVIDED !

Then

Then to hear what the Minister offers to say,
 Ere he sets, like the Sun, on a dull cloudy day,
 Through vapours emits his departing effulgence!
 And begs that the house will but grant him indulgence,
 " To rise, and to make only *one* Motion more,
 " Which he ne'er had brought forth, at that very
date hour,
 " But that he was forc'd to discharge it outright,
 " Having ta'en a *Scotch-Pill*, which *Lord Tweedly*
Mac Wight
 " Had hid in a Bill of attainder last night!"

What praises are due to these Chronicle-makers,
 Who are of good Speeches the true *Undertakers*,
 Who *Epitaphs* fix on *departed* Orations,
 To inform and—to puzzle the next Generations!
 O! may some great author but sketch the design,
 And UNDER a *column* of Bankrupts—place *mine*!

To prove what examples of patience I'll set,
 By *bearing* my share of the *National debt*!
 For now, my dear Cousin, I put in my claim,
 Like other great men for a popular name:
 And already enormous expences have been at,
 In order to buy me a place in the Senate.
 Much Int'rest I've got, and to-morrow go down,
 To offer my service to *Rot-borough Town*.
 This morning I summon'd a kind of a *Levee*,
 And have got the consent of my sister and nephew.
 Old *Deborah* barks—but do what she can,
 I'm determin'd to *stand* for a Parliament-man.
 She may frown, if she pleases, I'll stick to my text,
 The result of my journey you'll hear in my next.

S. SUPPLE.

Simeon Grove, 1785.

LETTER

LETTER II.

Description of Rotborough and its Inhabitants—A

Visit to a Family Coffin—A strange Phenomenon—

Portrait of an Alderman.

THIS morning, dear Cousin, in *Rotborough*
Square,

I arriv'd, safe and well, at the sign of the Bear.

I must just remark (for you know we're alone),

That a Bear is a very good type of the Town!

For what is more like, than those animals shagg'd,

To a set of brave People, rough, furly, and ragged?

But this, by the bye—for to tell you the truth,

To me they are all condescending and smooth;

For one of my friends has dispers'd a report,

That the wealth of the Indies I've brought here

to sport.

Now I have improv'd on this hint of my friend,
 And sweet musical sounds from my pockets I send !
 That make these *wild Indians* run madly about !
 Liste beasts that danc'd hornpipes to *Orpheus's* lute ;
 When *Cerberus* shagg'd, like the May'r of this place !
 Shook his Ears, and desir'd the Musician to pass.
 But now let me render my narrative clear,
 And make what has happen'd more plainly appear,
 From the time I arose, 'till I came to the Bear.
 The case was determin'd, my verdict was past,
 And all things agreed, as I wrote in my last.

The Sun had just risen, was chasing the dawn,
 And sprinkled his rays o'er the trees in my lawn ;
 When I quickly arose from my pillow, and dress'd,
 And then issued forth to the family Chest.

From

From whence I soon took (of a tawny complexion)
 Some *friends* to assist at th' approaching Election.
 Sweet friends! from the hoards of my fathers I got 'em,
 And true, I am sure—for I found out their *bottom*!
 The *specie*, once gone, how it's loss was bemoan'd,
 How the Iron-bound Chest of my Ancestors groan'd!
 In short, to describe it, is no easy task;
 It *sounded*, and smelt like a vinegar cask.
 This done—I just tarried to snap at a bait,
 Then step'd into the Chariot, which stood at the Gate.
 And nought happen'd more (worth relating to you)
 Till within some few miles of the Borough I drew.
 When lo! I beheld, as I look'd on the road,
 A thick, dusty, dark—A huge!—monstrous Cloud!
 And what most surpriz'd me, and made me to stop,
 I took for black demons, that dan'd on it's top!

But when they came nearer, I laugh'd I declare,
 'Till I crow'd like a pheasant, to find what they were;
 For what should they be, but the fugitive beavers
 Of a numerous body of——Calico Weavers!
 All Burgeffes, franchis'd, who came forth to strive all,
 With voices sonorous, to hail my arrival.
 At every shout, which was three times repeated!
 I three times arose, and I three times was seated—
 Of my speech, which I studied to speak at the hall,
 I made a reserve—so I scarce spoke at all—
 But to shew that my *eloquence* suited their species,
 I threw in amongst them some *popular pieces*!
 And sure, my dear Cousin, 'twas excellent fun
 To see how, to catch 'em, they'd foramble and run!
 And at every pause—each would throw up his beaver,
 And shout like a thunderer, "SUPPLE FOR EVER!"

And

And now they had made a much nearer approach,
 My horses, by magic! were loos'd from my coach,
 And they swore by strange oaths, so *remarkably* civil,
 They'd draw me themselves, "if it were to the
 Devil!"

In vain I rejected this frivolous notion,
 They were obstinate grown, and I soon was in motion;
 Yet still I exerted my eloquent skill,
 My pathos was vain—they were obstinate still!
 So my horses were left, and rhetorical rules—
 I was rattled through *Rotborough* suburbs by MULES.

When I came to the Inn, I disbanded my train,
 After promising soon to attend them again.
 Then I call'd for the host, *Mister Muckle Mac Nim*,
 And desir'd him to send for a barber, to trim.

Now

Now alone, my dear Coz, I survey'd well my station,
 And fell into silent, and deep cogitation.
 But e'er I had sat some five minutes, or more,
 I was *roux'd* by a loud triple rap at the door !
 And into my room a strange visitor bounc'd,
 I started !—and Alderman *Suds* was announc'd—
 The Alderman bow'd, and I drew him a seat,
 And we talk'd of political things *tete-a-tete*.
 But the *thinneſt* of Aldermen, made since the floods !
 Dear Cousin, I'm certain, is Alderman *Suds*.
 So hollow his voice, and so meagre his look,
 I grinn'd like a griffin whenever he spoke !
 But I nearly had paid for this rude titillation ;
 For, whilst he was scanning the debt of the nation,
 He pull'd out a razor, without more ado,
 And was going to give it an edge on his shoe.

By

By laughing I've sign'd my death warrant, thought I;

'Tis too late to retract!—I am destin'd to die!

But I quickly found out that my tremors were vain,

As soon as the Alderman came to explain;

For knowing his skill at a razor, *Mac Nim*,

As an excellent Barber I had offer'd me him!

Now, TRADE is the fountain of wealth, I have
heard,

So the worshipful Alderman took off my beard!—

And e'er he departed he beg'd I'd persuade

The "HOUSE to adopt the promotion of trade."

Says I—"Mr. Alderman *Suds* may depend,

"I shall always promote that desirable end.

"Let Ministers tremble!—my keen-biting speeches

"Shall suck the foul blood of corruption, like

"leeches.

"Moreover,

“ Moreover, I’ll spare for no figure, or trope,
 “ To procure a repeal of the duty on soap !”
 My speech was *well-tim’d*, like all speeches of note,
 And procur’d both the Alderman’s int’rest and vote.
 Thus far, my dear Coz, I have reason to boast;
 The sequel I’ll send by the very next post.

Rotborough, 1785. SIMEON SUPPLE.

P O S T S C R I P T.

I forgot to acquaint you, this minute came down
 No less than four Candidates, smoaking from town !
 And those who with spirit distribute the pelf,
 Are *Viscount Van Squander, Squire Gigg, and*
myself—

L E T T E R

L E T T E R III.

*A Corporation Feast—The Art of Canvassing—A
Nomination of Candidates, and Specimen of Elo-
quence—A Hint to Orators.*

THIS day, my dear Cousin, I gave a good
treat
At the Cormorant Tavern, to all that would eat.
The Corporate Body, and May'r of the Town,
Came, each in his skin-trimmed, black flannel gown.
But so strange did they look in these raiments of sable,
That, when the green sallad had cover'd the table,
To me they appear'd (so dull, awkward, and still)
Like a herd of black cattle that graz'd round a hill!—
But soon as I toasted the King and the nation,
And a bumper had fill'd to this grand Corporation,

D

These

These purple-fac'd guests were more civiliz'd grown,
 And the man soon peep'd out from the Alderman's
 gown.

'The juice of the grape now their senses subdued,
 And riot, and battle, and bloodshed ensued !—
 Now *Taffy ap Faggot*, a huge Common Council,
 By brandy well fir'd, treated Alderman *Pounce* ill.
 And Alderman *Pounce* rallied Alderman *Dofer*,
 And the Clerk of the Court, *Scriptit Cheshire* the
 grocer.

But *Dofer* at length for a coward was posted;
 And by common consent *Scriptit Cheshire* was
 toasted.

'Twere vain, my dear friend, to attempt to describe
 The effects of the wine on this flannel-rob'd tribe.

The

The rosy-fac'd gownsmen all tipp'd whilst 'able,
 And then they began to drop under the table;
 Till at last to the point of perfection I brought 'em—
 They fell thick as fruit over ripen'd, in Autumn!
 O! sure you had laugh'd till you split your side
 thorough,

The members to see of this corporate Borough,
 Transform'd by the fumes of good liquor, become
 A monstrous black carpet, to cover the room!
 No *tap'stry* e'er boasted a picture so fine,
 The figures so noble, so grand the design!—

'Twas a field that was cover'd with maim'd human
 trunks,

Where a battle had rag'd twixt two armies of *Monks*!
 So I call'd for the host—paid his bill, and I fled,
 And left him to bury, or *plunder*, the dead.

And now, my dear Cousin, I ventur'd, alone,
 To canvass the streets of this eminent town.
 For "Virtue, though clouded in seven-fold
 night,
 "Can do her fair deeds by her own native light."
 So I suffer'd no babbling companion, or crony,
 To tell with what freedom I squander'd my
 money.
 But *Viscount Van Squander*, and Gigg so demure!
 Before me had practis'd this sentiment pure;
 For whilst I was stuffing the Aldermen's throats,
 The good-natur'd Burgesses *promis'd* their votes.
 But I baffled their short-sighted schemes in a trice;
 I soon rais'd the stocks—for I *doubled their price*.
 And now I began with a spice of my trade,
 And the dawn of my eloquence thus I display'd:

"Oh!

“ O! banish, my friends, this strange scrupulous

“ nonsense!

“ Nor make of your word a sharp rod for your
conscience.

“ Our laws are unlimited—sure then 'tis better,

“ To stand to their *spirit*, than stick to their *letter*—

“ For liberty *soften'd* is liberty still—

“ And he that is living may alter his will.

“ His word, what true Englishman ever was loath,

“ To retract, when it did not amount to an Oath?

“ Look up to your Betters, you'll soon find that they

“ Adhere to this principle every day!

“ And who, in your lowly and indigent state,

“ Refuses to copy the rules of the *great*?

“ For the good of *himself* let me find that each
strives;

“ If not—for the good of your children and wives.

“ And

" And remember this excellent maxim till death,
 " *An oath is secure, but a word is but breath !*"

This speech, my dear Coz, fitted close, to a hair—
 Now I paid them the money, and got them to
 SWEAR.

And surely an Englishman's Oath may be took,
 So I ventur'd to put down their names in my book.
 Now I hasten'd to give just a slight *Exhortation*
 In the Hall of the Town, at the first NOMINATION ;
 The Candidates here had already appear'd,
 Squire Gigg, and Lord Viscount Van Squander declar'd,
 And standing erect, with their hands in their breeches,
 They *mouth'd* to the Mob two melodious speeches.
 So catching the hint from the one, or the other,
 I jump'd on the Bench, and I *thunder'd* another !

And

And pouring my Eloquence forth in a flood,
 I spoke in a language that none understood !
 For *hard words* are the things that embellish your style,
 And cut like the prominent teeth on a file.
 And every Sentence I brought a few pat in,
 And gave them a spice of my French, and my Latin.
 A scrap of good Latin's an excellent shift,
 To help out a speech at a fullen *dead lift*.
 Else why do *great Orators* use them so often,
 (For want of Ideas) their speeches to soften ?
 Now I tried the *sublime of quotation* to reach,
 And this was the learned fag end of my speech.

“ My friends be assur'd from this point I'll ne'er
 wander,

“ I fear not the Squire, nor Lord Viscount Van
 Squander.

“ Their

" Their talents may shine like *lunaticus luna*,

" My motto is "*adjuvât fortes fortuna*."——

Already I'd brib'd of staunch freemen a couple,

As soon as I finish'd to bellow out *Supple*!

And *Supple* was quickly *re*-bellow'd by all

From the Bench to the uttermost chinks of the Hall.

So I left my Opponents to wonder and stare,

And attended by thousands return'd to the Bear.

From whence I write this, without sickness or sorrow,

Intending to scribble another to-morrow.

SIMEON SUPPLE.

Rotborough, 1785.

LETTER

LETTER IV.

A Parody—

—An Election-Ode—

“ **T**HE dawn is o’ercast, and the dull morn-
ing lowers,

“ And brings on a day that is moisten’d by showers!

“ A day more important than e’er was a couple;

“ And big with the fate of—*Van Squänder and*
Supple!”

So whilst my dark windows are pelted by rain,

Dear Cousin I’ll ope a poetical vein.

ELECTION-ODE.

While swift Coach, and Chariot rattles,

Deck’d with waving streamers bright!

Fierce *Bellona*, queen of battles,

Aid my Muse to take her flight.

Now

E

See

See how yonder legion rallies !

Leaders mark'd with many a scar,
Now collect from lanes and allies

Their grim visag'd " dogs of war."

See!—A distant army musters

On high hills that top the Town !
Now it forms in thicker clusters ;

Like a flood it gushes down !

Lo ! what crowd approaches yonder,

Shouting to the sound of drums ?
Shouts that break like crashing thunder !—

'Tis the yellow party comes !

Keen Attornies there are plying,

Brooding o'er a future job :

All their tricks and quibbles trying

To incense the *thirsty* mob.

Now

Now each others prowess braving,

See both armies full in view !

With their radiant colours waving,

Purple, yellow, red, and blue !

And in dread and mighty dudgeon,

Lo ! their ponderous weapons meet ;

Cane to cane, and club to bludgeon !—

Purple blood bestrews the street.

Ruthless battle, lion fronted !

Each exulting veteran braves :

Constables, like Badgers hunted,

Fly ! and drop their *peaceful* staves.

Huge round stones like shot are flying,

Dealing many a fatal wound :

Mothers shrieking !—children crying,

Fiddles, bells, and oaths resound !—

Thus far had my Muse darted forth her bright
gleams,
And was drinking full deep at *Castilian* streams;
But e'er she has quench'd her poetical *thirstings*,
By a friend I am summon'd, in haste, to the
Hustings.
So the *thread* of narration I here break in twain;
But, at night, my dear Cousin, I'll *splice* it again.

S. SUPPLE.

Retborough, 1785.

LETTER

LETTER V.

*Sir Simeon Supple's Address to the Electors of Rot-
borough—Its good Effects—He is elected, and
chaired—His Gratitude to his Constituents exem-
plified—He declares his Intention to visit the
M-n-str.*

I Quickly dispatch'd my last metrical scroll,
And I hasten'd, dear Coz, to attend at the Poll.
I never beheld so delightful a show!
The Clerks were well powder'd, and rang'd in a
row!
And in every nich of the hustings was seen
A monstrous, huge Counsellor, squeeze'd in between.
Whose bus'ness I found, on this eminent day,
Was to argue the rights of the voters away.

The

The mob soon call'd out for a *sketch* of my plan,
 In case they should make me a *popular* man,
 So I mounted the rostrum, and thus I began: }

" Friends, Fellows, and Countrymen, here I stand
 " forth

" The champion of Liberty, Freedom, and Worth.

" Your laws to preserve, and your rights to defend;

" Is, trust me, my only—my ultimate end;

" And never for wealth, or for honours, I'll barter

" The franchises firm of your excellent charter:

" But fix on a basis more lasting than stone,

" The solid, *sound* freedom, of *Nottingham* town!

" On the great stage of politics prove a staunch

" actor,

" To secure and to cherish your *grand manufacture*.

" The

" The mistress of arts! and of commerce the queen!

" Your pure manufacture of *flannel* I mean!—

" O should I its beauties expatiate on;

" Or launch out in its praise, I should never have
done!

" What a subject for rhetoric flowers to display

" Is flannel, my countrymen—flannel, I say—

" That elegant, warm, and restorative stuff,

" Why *flannel* is—FLANNEL! and that is enough.

" Then still may your fame for rich flannels remain;

" And still may you send them to *France*, and to

" *Spain*!

" For sure they are useful in climates so hot!

" Where linen is scarce, and few shirts to be got.

" Else why do the Friars of *Benedict* wear 'em,

" And the Nuns of *St. Catharine*'s stow'sle and tear 'em?

" And

" And place them by night and by day next their

" skins,

" As spiritual rubbers, to scrub off their sins! O "

" O! should I be rais'd by the popular voice ; O "

" Should I prove but the fortunate man of your

" choice!

" The grateful remains of my life I'll devote,

" The sale of this excellent stuff to promote.

" And soon shall your fame and prosperity both,

" Arise intermixt like the *nap* on your cloth.

" The *thread* of corruption shall rot and decay,

" And envy to *remnants* shall fritter away."

This speech had a better effect, my dear

Cousin,

Than if I had staid to deliver a dozen;

The

The *mob* lik'd so well this rhetorical flower,
 My opponents began to look peevish and sour;
 At last they declar'd, in a manner *quite droll*!
 They would save all the free-men "the trouble to
 " poll."

And thus, by a stroke that was quite unexpected,
 Your friend was declared to be DULY ELECTED.

And now I was hoisted aloof in the air,
 And carried about like a show at a fair.
 'T would have drawn a faint smile from old *Plato* the
 sage,

Had he seen me borne high on a mountebank stage!
 Enthron'd on a chair that was chain'd in the
 middle,

And bowing to strains of a bagpipe and fiddle!—

F

Dear

Dear Cousin, the stateliest sight in this nation
 Is a Candidate chair'd *in the act of curvation!*
 Not ev'n in the days of AUGUSTUS, the Roman,
 Were beheld such fine pageants so splendid, yet
 common!

How little of elegance, grandeur, and show,
 Did the conquering chiefs of antiquity know!
 O great Alexander!—O Hannibal!—Cæsar!
 Your entries triumphal were nought to what these are;
 For ye were content to be carried by camels,
 But we, *more enlightened!* yoke men in our trammels.

And now, my dear Coz, I took leave of my friends;
 But first, for their trouble, I made them amends.
 For I *swore* (and I clap'd my right hand to my heart)
 To promote ev'ry one in his "mystical art."

A Schoolmaster famous, I *promis'd* a station,
 To pen some *neat* pamphlets for Administration.
 A Baker of note, who with decency scrolls,
 I have chosen for Clerk to *the Master of Rolls*.
 And a Pastrycook noted, who writes well enough,
 For an excellent hand at a light *party puff*.
 Three Barbers already, as merry as grigs,
 Have become errant Tories, and burnt all their
 wigs :
 And fourteen Mechanics, all thriving and wise men,
 I've promis'd to turn into fourteen excisemen ;
 And to shew that my honour and word might be took,
 I scratch'd down their names in my *gilt-cover'd book* ;
 And *promis'd*, that e'er I again saw their faces,
 On the *word of a statesman*, I'd get them " WARM
 " PLACES."

Now this I have done, with regard to their names ;
For, this moment, the book I condemn'd to the
flames :

And as to their faces, I'll forfeit my ears,
If I see them again for these seven long years !

But 'tis time to have done with the brutes of this
Borough,
And so I shall leave them, with pleasure, to-morrow.
A tribe, all compos'd of corruption and sin,
Who, decay'd to the core, have no soundness
within.

Nay, even (a fact that can ne'er be forgotten)
Their eggs ! alas ! even their eggs are all rotten !
But this is a secret I ne'er should have known,
If I had not agreed to be chair'd through the town.

Already,

Already, dear Coz, I begin to repent,
 And wish for the fums I've imprudently spent.
 'Tis true my repentance comes rather too late,
 As I find I have dipp'd the RYE-ACRE estate :
 For, besides all my cash, which I squander'd away,
 I have bills full the length of my Paddock to
 pay ;
 But then I shall give no attention to these,
 For my *property's safe*, and I pay—when I please !
 Mean while, that my credit may never be stop'd,
 I have order'd a few of my woods to be crop'd.
 Sound hearts, that are proof to neceffitous
 strokes,
 May always be found in the bodies of Oaks !
 And who has the art of demolishing timber,
 Like a true patriotical p-rl-am--t Member ?

But

But I fear I have made much too long an
intrusion,

So now I draw near to hasty conclusion.

In the morning to town I set forward, if able,

In order to dine at the Minister's table;

And if I should, haply, succeed to my wishes,

I shall get a good snap at the *loaves and the fishes*.

In the mean time I am, and I ever shall be,

Your's faithfully, SIMEON SUPPLE, M. P.

Roxborough, 1785.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

*Sir Simeon's Reception at Court—His Description of
a Levee—Remonstrance of a condemned Oak,
a Specimen of Modern Elegy.—Conclusion.*

O ! had I, this moment, the power to impart,
The numberless transports that glow at
my heart,

Wrapt up in a style that was fair and well chosen,
Ye Heav'n's ! what delight would it give to my
Cousin !

But my senses are preft with a *load* of sublime,

That my Muse can't draw out, though she's har-
ness'd in rhyme !

No words, my dear friend, can with justice report
How I shone in the general blaze of a Court.

With

With the friendly reception I met at the Levee,
 I've astonish'd, indeed, both my sister and nephew !
 The M-n-ft-r pleas'd with my looks at first
 sight,

Was *so* unreserv'd, condescending, polite ;
 In short, he at once reconnoitred my ways,
 As though we had liv'd in one house all our days.
 Sure ne'er was a statesman so clever, odds death !
 How he welcom'd a legion of friends in a breath !
 And yet in his speech, as it follows, you'll see,
 He began, my dear Coz, and he ended with me.

" Sir Simeon Supple, I'll always contend,
 " For the honour to call you my intimate friend.
 " Dear Sir, you're a pillar of rock to our party ;
 " I hope you left all at the GROVE well and hearty.

" For

“ For your welfare, believe me, my wishes are fervent,

“ And never can change—COLONEL CUTTER,

“ your servant !

“ This visit is kind ! my dear Colonel your hand ;

“ I’m heartily sorry—that vacant command—

“ ’Tis strange, very strange, that the **** should

“ refuse !

“ But we soon shall cut out a new gap in the

“ Blues,

“ Which none but yourself, my dear Colonel,

“ shall fill,

“ If my voice can prevail—How d’ye do MISTER

“ QUILL ?

“ Dear, Sir, your last Pamphlet was poignantly

“ quaint ;

“ I hope you’ve got rid of your *stomach complaint*.

" I believe we shall want a short essay next week

" On the *fall of the stocks*—Dear SIR PEREGRINE

" SLEEK !

" I protest that I did not discern you before,

" And when, my dear friend, do you make the

" *grand tour* ?

" I'm glad to meet here my LORD VISCOUNT

" MAC VANE——

" Your very obedient, SIR CARPENTER PLANE !

" Dear, Sir, you're a *rule* for my friends, I

" declare :

" How long may it be since you came from the

" *Square* ?

" I'm happy to see Major BRISTLE DE HOGS !

" I hope you left well all our friends in the

" Bogs.

" Your

" Your hints were well-timed, your precautions

" I've taken,

" Our suit is secure, we shall all save our bacon !

" The Patriots soon will find this, to their

" sorrow——

" SERJEANT SLASH, how d'ye do?—DOCTOR

" SCRIBO, good morrow !

" Dear Doctor, you're always my friend at a

" *puss*——

" I rejoice much to see good SIR TAPER AND RUSH !

" Sir Taper, your bill is not clear to Dipspatter ;

" But I know you will throw a good *light* on the

" matter——

" Dear BARON VAN PIGEON, and MARSHAL-

" LACK-FEATHER,

" I'm happy to see you thus friendly together.

" May your flight be secure ! and good fortune
 " befall,
 " Both you, and your friend, Count O'Bitter
 " and all ;
 " And may prosperous winds waft you safe to
 " BENGAL !

" Though last, yet not least, let me take by
 " the hand,
 " Great Generallis'mo, SIR SACKLY DE SAND.
 " Not one of my friends, in debate, has such
 " *weight* :
 " Sir Sackly, I hope, you'll be with us at eight.
 " Give me leave to present, of staunch friends a
 " new couple,
 " LORD STIFFY FITZ PINE, and SIR SIMEON
 " SUPPLE.

" Dear

" Dear Supple, you bend so exceedingly low !

" I protest you've an excellent knack at a *bow*.

" And now, my dear friends, as our party grows

" thinner,

" We'll adjourn for the present, and meet—*after*

" *dinner*."

How flatt'ring, dear Cousin, to hear this ora-
tion,

Pronounc'd by the very first man in the na-
tion.

Indeed there are charms in a M-n-ist-r's speech,
Too sublime for the *low*, or the vulgar to
reach !

A kind of an inference, hidden some how,

That none but frequenters of Levees can know !

Elate

Elate with good fortune, this morning I
drove,

With the fury of Phæton, down to the Grove ;

Where I found my last orders regarded so
well,

That I've scarce half an acre of wood left to
fell !

And here, by the bye, as I chance to think
on it,

I'll transcribe, for a little amusement, a son-
net ;

Which some of my friends, by the way of a
joke,

Have indented, inch-deep, in the bark of an
oak ;

And

And this too will serve as a *sample* inviting
Of the true *modern manner* of elegy-writing.

A *mode* that's well known to move every pas-
sion,

Pathetic and *plaintive*—in short 'tis the FASHION.

REMONSTRANCE
OF A
CONDEMNED OAK.

HOLD ruthless Peasant ! hold thy lifted arm,
Nor let thy stroke my bleeding rind
divide ;

Ah ! let my hoary age thy * pity warm !
Nor dare to pierce my venerable side.

Thy

* Should the Reader be surprised to hear an Oak talk thus *feelingly*, he is desired to turn to some recent compositions, where he will find that some of our modern Poets, not content, like old *Cypheus*, to make Trees, Rocks, and mountains *dance* to their dulcet strains, have a creative power of their own to rouse these peaceable subjects into animation, and give them *tongues* to plead, most *pathetically*, the great cause of Liberty.

Thy axe has echoed through the fertile meads,
 The distant vallies spread wild havock o'er;
 And shorn the mountains of their fringed heads
 From yon tall Mansion to the winding shore.

And thou! of all these fruitful plains the lord,
 Avaunt!—the blasts of winter I've withstood;
 And little aid would my old trunk afford,
 Now fortune spurns thee in her angry mood.

Thou fool! 'twas lux'ry laid thy honours low,
 And ruin comes with delegated power;
 Nor would my fall, though thou should'st strike
 the blow,
 Protract his vengeance, yet another hour!

In

In vain did thunders, storms, and winds, and
rain,

A thousand years my tow'ring limbs invade!

Thy father's fathers saw them rage in vain,

And found a safe asylum in my shade.

Long have I reign'd the monarch of the woods!

A stately progeny I gave before,

Whose brawny limbs have cleft old Albion's
floods,

And borne her thunders to each distant shore!

O! bear me witness *Hawke! Boscarwen! Hyde!*

The headlong billows ye have seen them brave;

From where Old *Thames* pours out his silver tide,

To distant *Ganges* with her crooked wave!

O!

O ! spare me!—for thy country too I plead !

Or soon her wrongs shall be reveng'd with mine !

The axe that lops off my devoted head,

Shall from thy trembling body, sever thine !

Now to shew this prediction engender'd in sin,

I fritter'd the shaggy old Prophet's rough skin ;

Then his head was struck off, to appease the
 beholders ;

But, dear Cousin, thank G—d, mine still keeps on
 my shoulders !

Where

2/68

N/XA

T⁴+2, B-G⁴, #2

[60]

Hel
Reth

Where long may it hold it's original station,
 And soon into Conscience advance by gradation,
 To find "*ways and means*" to—enveigle the
 !omination!



(Hayley 777)

F I N I S.

Now as the world is changed in its
 I stand the flag of old Prophet's rough skin;
 Then his head was struck off to appear the
 beholder;
 The dear Conscience, which I—of mine will keeps on
 my forehead!

Where